

## MISPLACED LOVES

The Story of a  
Valentine  
By...  
EMERY POTTLE

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SARAH ADELINE braided the second of her two vivacious pig-tails with despondent jerks. The frost lay in thick white patterns on the gable window of her bedroom, and her fingers ached with cold. The morning seemed gray and disheartened. It was the embodiment of Sarah Adeline's low spirited condition.

She tied the shoestring viciously in three hard knots around the end of the braid, unmindful of the difficulty she would encounter when she untied it.

"Sarah Adeline, for the land's sake, ain't you dressed yet? It's quarter past 7, and your pa's gone, and the cakes are stone cold. You come here right off!" It was Sarah's mother who called.

"Yes'm," answered Sarah meekly. "My goodness!" she muttered crossly to herself. "They think I can do everything all at once."

When she essayed to button the back of her red and black plaid flannel with the box plaited skirt, her winter dress for school, her fingers fairly refused to do their work, so cold were they. After one or two attempts Sarah Adeline sat down on the edge of her bed and wept. The reason for her tears was not entirely the obstinacy of the buttons nor her icy fingers. There was a sore disappointment in her heart, and her objective world, as generally is the case, seemed perversely in league with it.

"Sarah, Sa-rah; Sa-rah Adeline!" came shrilly from below.

Sarah Adeline stumbled rapidly down the stairs, her red and black plaid dress gaping wide in the back.

Her grandfather kissed her good morning, with the cheerful admonition that "little gals should always be up in the morning lively." Sarah's mother was kneading bread in the kitchen with swift, determined punches. "Wash your face good, Sarah, at the sink. Then get your breakfast off the back of the stove and set right down," she said briskly. "Pa, see if you can't button her dress for her. I ain't got time to get my hands out the dough."

After the little frock was fastened in a strange, unexpected way Sarah ate her breakfast in silence.

When she finished she put her dishes with the others in a big tin pan.

"Time you was getting along to school, Sarah Adeline," said her grandfather.

"Yes'm. Yes, sir, I mean," she answered absently.

"Your lunch is in your basket on the pantry shelf," called her mother. "And don't you wade in the snow today. I want you to come right home after school too. Don't you run around with those Lacy children on the way home."

"Yes'm; no'm, I won't."

After Sarah Adeline had put on her pink zephyr hood, her heavy brown coat, her gray leggings and her red mittens she hesitated irresolutely.

"Tomorrow's Valentine's," she said tentatively to her mother.

Mrs. Munford was shoving big, rectangular tins full of fat, white mounds



"TOMORROW'S WHAT?" SHE QUESTIONED, of dough into the oven. They scraped exasperatingly on the iron grating.

"Tomorrow's what?" she questioned.

"Valentine's."

"My land, is it the 14th of February already? I sh'll have to begin spring house cleaning before I know it."

Still Sarah Adeline lingered.

"Lots of 'em 'll get valentines," she ventured.

"Well, maybe you'll get one, too," answered her mother, piling up the soiled breakfast dishes in clattering heaps.

"I don't believe so. I guess—they's a

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A few more Men's Sample Hats left at 50 per cent less than they generally cost. There are some rare bargains in these hats. Look at 'em

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Prices Ranging from \$10 to \$17.50.

lovely pink one down to Sanders store that I'd like to buy for—Sarah hesitated—"for the teacher," she ended in a shamed little voice.

"How much is it, Sarah Adeline?" inquired her mother between the swashes of the steaming dishwasher she was pouring in the pan.

"It's—65 cents." There were boldness and despair in Sarah's voice.

"My soul and body! Well, I guess we won't have you paying any 65 cents for that teacher. You run along now or you'll be late."

"Sarah Adeline," whispered her grandfather as his granddaughter scuffed in to her rubbers in the storm house on the west porch, "you take this an' buy a valentine." He slipped a five cent piece into Sarah's hand.

"Thank you, gran'pa," she answered quietly. When she got out into the road she was almost of a mind to throw the money away. "Huh! Nickle!" she sniffed. "That won't buy anything decent!" She put the nickel in her pocket, however, and wiped away two angry tears. Then she trudged soberly along the snowy road in the wide tracks left by the wood sleighs and the pungs that had passed early that morning.

Sarah Adeline Munford was nine years old. She was a slim, pale faced little girl with stiff straw colored hair, and on her nose, by her own laborious count, were twelve large freckles. She recounted them each week to see if any had disappeared, for she despised them.

For the last week Sarah's heart had been troubled, and as Valentine's day approached her trouble grew larger. Ordinarily Sarah Adeline was of a complacent nature and not often stirred from a certain placid innocence which seemed to hang about her like a cloud. Where she loved she loved in secret bliss, taking greater pleasure in the darling imaginings of her young heart than in the more commonplace exhibitions of sentiment displayed by her schoolmates.

Sarah Adeline was not a favorite with boys. This she knew and accepted, though she could not tell why it was so. Perhaps her physical calm and outward deprecatory submissiveness of manner repelled young swains and restrained their boyish ways.

So her affection for the sterner sex was of a romantic spirituality. She raised up her masculine ideals, cherished them for a time and cast them down, only to repeat the process. She had but to appropriate mentally the boy she considered nice, and immediately the vexed course of true love was smooth under her control. The little god smiled benignly on her, and she knew no rival. When she wearied of one spiritual admirer, there was only the slight wrench of separation; then gaily away to the next.

For a month Willie Penn Dixon had held supreme place in Sarah's heart, though he knew it not. They had walked to and from school daily, they had together attended "socials" and "surprise parties," they had even indulged in an impressive marriage ceremony which Sarah had devised from memorable incidents of her grownup sister's wedding, but Willie Penn knew nothing of it.

Indeed Willie Penn scorned Sarah Adeline. On the day of the first snow that winter he had given his sled a sharp push and sent it all alone down a little hilly

path to nump into the backs of Sarah's thin legs. She sat down suddenly and in a snow bank, and there were black and blue spots on her ankles afterward. He pinched her severely whenever he stood next her in the spelling class and tried to trip her when she took her seat. In fact, he did all the horrid things a vigorous out of door little ruffian could do to an offensively innocent little girl, but in a determined feminine way, as old as creation, Sarah Adeline continued to adore.

As St. Valentine's day drew near Sarah heard much from the other girls about the sending of valentines. Melissa Marvin had confided to Sarah one night on the way home from school her purpose of bestowing upon Willard Kitchell "a perfectly lovely" valentine. Melissa Marvin's father gave her 25 cents a week to spend as she liked. She and Sarah went around by Sanders store that night to press their noses flat against the window and stare at a big, beautiful pink creation that occupied the center of a varied and wonderful group of valentines.

There was soft white swandown on the edge of this gorgeous satin thing. It bristled with fat, stuffy looking little Cupids brandishing harmless darts, and there were also elegantly embossed flowers in bewildering wreaths.

Sarah Adeline gazed with admiration. "Oh, Melissa!" she whispered. "That's it; that's the one. I'm going to buy it for—" she whispered in Sarah's ear—"for W. K."

"Oh's 65 cents. Pa asked Sanders yesterday," continued Melissa. "Why don't you get a valentine for some boy?"

"I'd know but I will—if I want to," answered Sarah with maidenly reserve.

At the day before Cupid's reckless revel had come and poor Sarah Adeline was almost without hope. The 5 cents her grandfather had given her, added to her painful savings of 18 cents, was not nearly enough to buy the wonderful pink token. She had put into her regular prayer of the night before a tender little petition for "the big pink one, dear Lord, in Mr. Sanders' window" and had secretly hoped to find it lying on her herringbone pattern quilt when she awakened. To lose her faith in Providence and to be deprived of love's offering at a blow was more than Sarah Adeline could endure.

The tears trickled off the end of her freckly nose as she plodded on to school.

At the crossroads she met Willard Kitchell.

"Hello!" said he.

"Hello, Willard!" responded Sarah.

"What's matter?"

"Nothin'."

"It's too."

"Ain't." Sarah dried her tears stubbornly.

They walked along in silence, Willard warily keeping an eye out for other boys that he might quickly skip ahead and avoid the shame of walking with a girl.

For long Willard Kitchell had loved Sarah Adeline. He had, in time honored fashion, begun by plying her lonely estate. The rest followed in due course. Furthermore, he had never by word or sign betrayed his passion to a single soul, much less to Sarah. In his trousers pocket at that moment jingled comfortably 55 cents. He, too, had desired the pink wonder and intended that very noon to buy it for the object of his love. He wanted to tell her so now, but he refrained. The gorgeous valentine could speak his devotion better than his words, he dimly felt.

When they were still a good way from the schoolhouse, Willard Kitchell said to Sarah:

"Sompens goin' to happen tomorrow!"

He gave a loud whoop and ran away before Sarah Adeline could answer. He was a very fat, round boy, bundled up to his ears in a huge green scarf which his aunt had knitted him for Christmas, and he could not run fast. Sarah might easily have caught him if she had wanted to.

She gazed after him in astonishment and only said, "My!"

At noon that day Willard Kitchell did not eat his lunch, but raced down to Sanders and bought the pink satin valentine. He addressed it to Miss Sarah Adeline Munford, making many flourishes and displaying much red tongue. He had scarcely dropped it in the postoffice which was in the back part of Sanders' and hurried away when Melissa Marvin came in. Mr. Sanders told her that he had just sold the valentine she demanded. Melissa's eyes filled with tears. Sanders patted her and gave her a hard chocolate caramel which stuck fast to her teeth. He was sorry for her because Melissa was a very pretty little girl.

Melissa cried all the afternoon behind her geography, and when Sarah asked her in a note what was the matter she made a hideous face over her shoulder. Poor Sarah Adeline! How could she know that Melissa believed that she had bought the coveted valentine?

Sarah Adeline went straight home from school. At supper she was very quiet and ate little. Her mother told Grandfather Munford that she believed Sarah Adeline had got cold. So the little girl was sent to bed early with a big bowl of bonnet tea.

Sarah asked Providence again that night, albeit in a half hearted way, for the "big pink one" and fell asleep in a very miserable state of mind.

Next morning she awoke to find her father standing over her with a large, flat paper package in his hand. He kissed her loudly and said, "I guess father's little girl has got a valentine." Before she untied the string Sarah knew it was the pink valentine, and she reproached herself for her yesterday's lack of faith. She gave one swift look at it, discovered no name on the resplendent thing, then shut her lips tight with resolve.

Her father took it downstairs to show the rest of the family. When Sarah Adeline appeared she was much pelted. Her father joked her about the sender, and her mother settled herself with a little shake of conscious pride and said she guessed she'd have to be looking after Sarah Adeline pretty close. Sarah said nothing and ate her breakfast quickly and departed for school.

She avoided meeting any one she knew and went straight to the postoffice. Sanders asked her what he could do for her.

"Please wrap this valentine up for me," Mr. Sanders, said Sarah.

"Well, I want to know," chuckled Sanders when he saw his little girl's valentine again. "What's the young one up to?"

But he said nothing and handed the white paper parcel to Sarah. She grasped the postoffice pen in her small fingers and wrote neatly in one corner "Mr. William Penn Dixon." Later Sanders put it in Willie Penn's father's box and laughed heartily.

Sarah Adeline was tardy that morning. At lunchtime Melissa would not speak to her, and Willie Penn hit her in the neck with a big, soft ball of snow. But she did not mind, for she loved devotedly the Willie Penn of her imagining, and, furthermore, the real Willie Penn would have the most beautiful valentine in the world.

During the afternoon recess Willard Kitchell wrote Sarah a note.

"Friend Sarah—Did you get it? I sent it! With love. Your obedient servant, 'WILLARD K.'"

The teacher saw him when he threw it and made him put it in the stove.

When school closed Sarah walked home with Mabel Taylor. Willard hung behind and threw snowballs as near their heads



as he could without hitting them.

Next morning Willard Kitchell waited at the crossroads for Sarah Adeline. In his hand was a flat, white paper package. There was wrath in his eyes and a tremulous quiver about his lip.

Sarah Adeline approached serenely. In fancy she was hand in hand with Willie Penn Dixon, and it gave her a considerable start to see Willard Kitchell sternly awaiting her.

"Good morning, Willard," she said sweetly, though she felt his chilling glances.

For answer Willard thrust out his tongue. His fat, rosy face, with its appendage of red tongue, was very funny. Sarah Adeline almost laughed out loud.

"Why, Willard," she said, "what's the matter with you?"

He said nothing, but poked the package into her red mittened hand.

A sudden fear assailed Sarah Adeline. She tore off a corner of the wrapping and peeked timidly in.

"Why, Willard, it's—"

Her companion eyed her with reproach.

"It's it," grunted Willard, "the one I gave you. You're a mean girl you didn't keep it."

"Oh, my! Willard Kitchell," returned Sarah Adeline, with spirit, "I guess that ain't the only pink satin valentine in the world."

"'Tis, too!" Willard asserted illogically. "I gave it to you, an' you gave it to Willie Penn, an' he gave it to Melissa Marvin, an' she sent it to me. So!" Willard turned his back to hide his tremulous lips and nervously dug a hole in the snow with his heel.

"Huh, I guess you needn't think that it's all the same valentine!" contended Sarah defiantly. "I'm sure it's a very nice one, and any one would buy it, and how do you know it's the one you gave me, and Sanders maybe had two or three like it, and—"

"Why-y-y, Sarah Adeline Munford! I sh' think you'd be 'shamed. Sanders didn't have but one, an'—I bought it, an'

Sanders told pa you sent it to Willie Penn, an' he gave it to Melissa, an'—something stuck in Willard Kitchell's throat—"an' they laughed awful. Besides"—Willard grew wroth at the thought—"look here." He tore away the covering and accusingly lifted up a small bulbous Cupid in the upper left hand corner of the valentine. It was attached to a queer little paper spiral. There, beneath the Cupid's fat body, was the ink inscription: "S. A. M., from W. K. With love." "There! Now!" Sarah Adeline cast her eyes to the earth. Willard turned haughtily to depart.

"I know what 'll happen to you, Sarah Munford," he said in a choked voice.

"What?" demanded Sarah, too thoroughly miserable.

"You'll—you'll be cast into—everlasting hell fire!" burst out the exasperated Willard, bethinking him of his latest Sunday school lesson. Then he ran off, shocked but triumphant at his own dreadful prophecy.

Sarah Adeline sat down in a heap of snow and cried. Then she dug a deep hole in a big drift with her spelling book. Into the hole she crammed the ill fated pink satin valentine and covered it up.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed tearfully. "I don't believe I'll ever love any one any more. It's such hard work."

### ELECTION NOTICE.

Pursuant to the Election Proclamation issued by the Governor of Texas, notice is hereby given that an election will be held on

Tuesday, 8th day of November, 1904.

In each Election Precinct in the County of Randall, State of Texas, for the purpose of voting for

Eighteen Electors for President and Vice President,

Member of Congress,

Governor,

Lieutenant-Governor,

Comptroller,

Treasurer,

Commissioner of the General Land Office,

Attorney-General,

Superintendent of Public Instruction,

One Railroad Commissioner,

One Associate Justice of the Supreme Court,

One Judge of the Court of Criminal Appeals,

One Chief Justice of the Court of Civil Appeals for the Second Supreme Judicial District,

Senator and Representative to the Twenty-ninth Legislature,

as named in the Governor's Proclamation, and such County and Precinct Officers as the law requires to be elected, and for or against amending Section 52, Article 3; Article 3, Section 51, and Section 16, Article 16, of the Constitution of the State of Texas.

A. N. HENSON,

County Judge Randall Co., Texas.